

MAY FRENCH SHELTON

Something About Her Literary Work and Ability.

HER BOOKS HAVE BEEN POPULAR

She is a Great Favorite Among the Women, and Now She is Going to Africa—Some Friendly Gossip.

NEW YORK, March 9.—Some years ago there appeared a number of novels, written by Mrs. M. F. Sheldon, with such frequency as to indicate that the writer was a person of great fertility of invention. They attained a good deal of popularity, especially among women readers, and they were written by a woman who is perhaps one of the brightest, though not one of the most profound, of female writers of fiction of the present generation. Two of these novels—entitled "Herbert Scoville" and "Henry, the Great Rider"—were so good as to call general attention to the writer, and they are still very popular. The author, Mrs. May French Sheldon, is in some respects a very remarkable woman, for, in addition to her literary gifts, she is an extremely attractive woman personally, and for a number of years was the belle of society in her home in Pittsburgh, Pa. She is also well known in social circles in New York city.

In addition to her literary and personal charms Mrs. Sheldon is also a business woman of considerable capacity, and possesses a love of adventure and a fondness



for exploration and healthful excitement which comes from doing daring deeds which distinguish her above all others of her sex. She has recently gained a much wider fame even than her novels brought her by undertaking an expedition into Central Africa, and only a short time ago she actually started upon this expedition; but on the threshold of the great wilderness she has met with some setbacks which have temporarily delayed the consummation of this most audacious purpose.

Mrs. Sheldon while living in New York met her husband, who is a very busy man, but who delights in his wife's industry and who encourages her in her remarkable purpose. Mr. Sheldon is an Englishman, and soon after his marriage he took his wife to London. There he was devoted to the accumulation of a fortune, while she at first gave her attention to modeling and to sculpture. This work, while she delighted in it, was very injurious to her eyes, and Mrs. Sheldon was obliged to give it up. Her husband's business called him again to America, and they at one time lived in New Mexico and afterward in Cuba and in Central America. Here Mrs. Sheldon's literary impulse mastered her, and she wrote one or two interesting books, as well as a series of articles which were published in one of the New York newspapers, and which were distinguished for their brilliancy of style and the exquisite depiction of life and scenery as she had found them in those strange countries.

On their return to Europe Mrs. Sheldon busied herself with the translation of some of the French masterpieces of literature. She was the authorized translator of Flaubert's "Salambo," which many of the critics regard as the most exquisite specimen of historical romance which any French writer has given us. This translation was itself a work of art, being all the more difficult because Flaubert's style is as delicate, pure and delicious as anything in French literature. He is indeed regarded as the great master of style, and Mrs. Sheldon was able to convey an adequate suggestion of his power in her own translation.

It was while she was writing this translation that Mrs. Sheldon conceived the idea of undertaking an original historical romance herself. She had selected the theme, had the plot well thought out and the treatment of the story thoroughly considered, but she desired to get local coloring, and she therefore determined, as Stanley had shown how "Darkest Africa" could be penetrated, to go herself, so that she might see with her own eyes and get inspiration through her senses to be utilized in the writing of her romance.

Her husband, while regretting the loss of her society, was yet delighted with her boldness and her courage, and had abundant faith in her resources and her energy to accomplish that which she sought to obtain. Mrs. Sheldon will take as a companion a friend—a woman who is accomplished, educated, and who has some knowledge of medicine and botany. Besides this companion she will have a trustworthy body servant, and these three will make up the expedition, except that she expects to hire some Ethiopians as carriers.

Mrs. Sheldon pays the expenses of the entire expedition herself, and she declares that she has no idea of conquest, does not expect to win any honors as an explorer, but simply desires to get a view of inner Africa, and to make a study of the people and the characteristics she there discovers as only a woman accustomed to travel and strange scenes, as she has been, can do. She says that she is satisfied that there is romance, pathos and perhaps humor to be found in the lives of African women, and she desires to witness these phases of character, to study their mores, the reasons for them, and to use them in the work which she contemplates writing.

In England the expedition has been one of the sensations of the hour, and while there are many who think Mrs. Sheldon will fail, yet those who know her best believe that she will accomplish the undertaking, unless she is prevented by a sickness or unforeseen accident. In this belief Henry M. Stanley shares, and he has been one of the most enthusiastic of Mrs. Sheldon's supporters, and has given her the advantage of his own experiences in suggestions of how, when and where to travel.

E. J. EDWARDS.

THE COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.

Stumbling Blocks in Its Pathway—A

Respectful View.

(Special Correspondence.)

CHICAGO, March 10.—If the duration of the World's Columbian Exposition were to be measured by the obstacles and troubles against which its promoters have had to contend as well as to overcome, its doors

would be kept open for six years rather than six months. A bare half of a calendar year would seem to be a very short space of time for the official existence of an enterprise that has had to fight its way inch by inch for very life. If the prince consort and his committee had encountered a tithe of the rocks that have beset the path of the World's fair directory, even such a giant amount of money as was that illustrious man would probably have given up the task in despair.

One of the most prominent workers in the cause of the centennial in 1876, a man who had made his mark in the national legislature, the head and front of one of the largest iron establishments in the world, and the possessor of a good sized fortune to boot, died of a mental complaint which, as he himself told the writer not many months before he passed away, was his labors during the existence of the exposition and the two years of preparation that preceded it. Yet neither himself nor his colleagues had to contend against one tithe of the obstacles, the opposition and the handicapping that month after month has been up in the way of the national and local authorities who are responsible for the success or non-success of the event upon which the United States has put the stamp of an official sanction.

To begin with, there was the stubborn and determined fight that was made in the legislature, the head and front of one of the largest iron establishments in the world, and the possessor of a good sized fortune to boot, died of a mental complaint which, as he himself told the writer not many months before he passed away, was his labors during the existence of the exposition and the two years of preparation that preceded it. Yet neither himself nor his colleagues had to contend against one tithe of the obstacles, the opposition and the handicapping that month after month has been up in the way of the national and local authorities who are responsible for the success or non-success of the event upon which the United States has put the stamp of an official sanction.

Almost the same experience was repeated in the legislature of the state. All this time a hullabaloo was being created abroad regarding the dire influence that the passage of the McKinley bill would have upon would-be exhibitors, while the foreign press was deluged from interested sources with articles inimical to the United States, the city of Chicago and the fair in particular. When finally contracts were let for the preparation of the grounds in Jackson park, and the first shovelfuls of earth had been turned, organized, or rather disorganized, labor stepped in and drove the Italian laborers pell-mell from the field. Once more rising serenely in the midst of its difficulties, the directory amended its contracts by providing that no show should be given to alien labor.

On the top of this the eight hour question cropped up, and during the past few days a special committee of the state senate has been sitting in this city investigating the pulse of the directory on the question of organized labor in general and its relations to the eight hour law in particular. Meanwhile several thousand of subscribers to the stock became delinquent, and the process of justice and circuit courts had to be threatened, and in some cases invoked, in order to bring the delinquents to time. Then, as a finale, comes the action of the late congress in practically depriving the preliminary management of funds and making it necessary for nine-tenths of the staff of the national commission to be laid off indefinitely.

All this will make interesting reading after the doors have been closed and the final reports of the enterprise have been written and sent to the public. This work, while she delighted in it, was very injurious to her eyes, and Mrs. Sheldon was obliged to give it up. Her husband's business called him again to America, and they at one time lived in New Mexico and afterward in Cuba and in Central America. Here Mrs. Sheldon's literary impulse mastered her, and she wrote one or two interesting books, as well as a series of articles which were published in one of the New York newspapers, and which were distinguished for their brilliancy of style and the exquisite depiction of life and scenery as she had found them in those strange countries.

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SODA FOR TWO.

We Know That It Happens Every Day in a Drug Store.

"It's my turn," she said at the soda counter, taking out a little purse.

"No, it's mine," said her friend, rummaging in her pocket where she found a small shabby pocketbook; what will you take?"

"What you do."

"Then I'll have soda'n cream."

"So'll I."

"Two sodas'n cream, please," to the drug clerk. "Oh, wait a minute. Wouldn't you rather have ginger ale, Min?"

"No, dear, unless you do."

"Hun-m-m. Lemme see. I believe I'd rather."

"Then I'll have ginger ale, too."

"So the druggist, who had been standing with the two empty glasses in his hand, turned to draw the ginger ale."

"I don't know. Ginger ale sometimes makes my head ache. S'pose we take chocolate soda, Min?"

"All right, dear. That will be nice."

Then they chattered like young magpies. "Is there a black spot on my face, Lil?"

"No, Min. You look lovely, but I know I'm looking a fright."

"You sweet thing, you never looked better in your life. That one spot vell is so becoming?"

"But you manage your spot so much better. Mine gets in my eye."

"Here's our chocolate. Now, put up your purse. This is my treat."

"Well, if you won't let me, but I really ought," etc., etc.

There is a gurgling silence and another dime has been squandered.—Detroit Free Press.

Bill Nye's Hotel Experience.

Bill Nye tells a good many funny stories, but considers the following his best, because it is true and happened to himself:

"I was barnstorming once in a small town in Texas, and went to the leading hotel for dinner. The lander contained only a rough piece of steak, so I had that and a cup of bootleg coffee. When the bill was handed me I asked the proprietor, who was also waiter and cashier, how much I owed him."

"Two dollars," was the calm reply.

"Two dollars? I don't owe you a cent."

"For the steak and coffee."

"But that is outrageous," I answered. "I can get a really good steak and coffee, and other things too, in New York for \$1. What makes you charge so much?"

"Well, to tell you the truth, I need the money."—New York World.

A Rise and Fall in Dry Goods.

"Aw, deuced clever in the fellow to place a board across this guttah."

"Hi! hi! Don't you see what you are doing?"

"Oh, I beg your pardon. I'll get off until you get—"

"The American groaned."

"They tell me that her husband is a splendid man."

"The American snorted."

"But would you mind telling me what she got by her marriage?"

"The American blew his nose and said, 'She got left and a title.'—Arkansas Traveler.

Why He Slept.

Countess (leaving her box at the theatre before the conclusion of the play, entirely worn out with the stupidity of the performance, and finding the servant who has been sent to escort her to her carriage fast asleep on the floor outside of the box door):

"He must have been listening.—Fleegende Blatter.

Call for the Doctor.

A San Diego physician, who does much charitable work, found this on the office slate, bearing the city missionary's signature. "Please call on Mrs. — and charge it to the Lord."—San Francisco Call.

A Tale of Two Chairs.

Eliah on his Lizzie calls.

When chores are done and evening falls, Eliah's bashful, Lizzie's shy.

But then her parents sit near by.

"Good night, Eliah!—Liz, good night."

And paw and maw, by candle light, Go off to bed, and leave to bliss.

Their daughter and her beau, with chairs arranged like this:

Eliah "lows" "This weather'll do for layin'." Lizzie thinks so too.

"Went coonin' long with John last night."

"Get any coon?" "No; 's'pose we'll bright."

And so they court; nought goes amiss.

And Liz and Eliah aimed respective chairs like this:

With Spartan will to do or die

Eliah seems to grow less shy.

And chairs become bewitched, I wis—

They hitch and hitch and hitch until they stand like this:

"Pyon like me, Liz?" "Oh, Lizzie! they kiss."

Then round gets caught in round, and chairs resemble this:

—Yankee Blade.

BILL NYE.—The usual weekly contribution by the famous humorist appears in THE SUNDAY HERALD, together with many other special features. Read it.

CATARH OF THE BLADDER.

I had been troubled since 1879 with gravel and catarrh of the bladder. Tried several doctors, but got no relief. Finally, at the advice of E. D. W. Parsons, I was prevailed upon to try Dr. Cassell's Kidney and Bladder Remedy, made at Rondout, N. Y. The result was marvellous. After using a few bottles, was entirely cured and never felt better.

Every way than I do now. Shall be glad to answer any inquiries in regard to my case. S. N. ANSTON, No. 533 Plymouth Ave., Rochester, N. Y. For sale by Z. C. I. Drug Store.

EDITOR WORMICK.

A man widely and favorably known throughout the Pacific coast, gives his experience.

PORTLAND, Ore., March 26.—Having tried the celebrated Oregon Kidney Pills, we cheerfully bear witness to its beneficial agency in affections of the urinary organs. It is simple, safe and sure; it is easily taken and restores healthy vitality to the organs it is intended to operate upon with assured success.

S. J. McCOMICK, Editor Catholic Sentinel.

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IS DISEASE A PUNISHMENT FOR SIN? The following advertisement, published by a prominent western patent medicine house would indicate that they regard disease a punishment for sin.

"Do you wish to know the quickest way to cure a severe cold? We will tell you. To cure a cold quickly, you must be treated before the cold has settled in the system. This can always be done if you choose to, as nature in her kindness to man gives timely warning and plainly tells you in nature's way, that as a punishment for some indiscretion, you are to be afflicted with a cold unless you choose to ward it off by prompt action. The first symptoms of a cold, in most cases, is a dry, loud cough and sneezing. The cough is soon followed by a profuse watery expectoration and the sneezing by a profuse watery discharge from the nose. In severe cases there is a thin white coating on the tongue. What to do? It is only necessary to take Chamberlain's Cough Remedy in double doses every hour. That greatly lessens the severity of the cold and in most cases will effectually counteract it, and cure what would have been a severe cold within one or two days time. Try it and be convinced." 50 cent bottles for sale by Z. C. M. I. drug store.

For improved and economic cooking use

LIEBIG COMPANY'S

EXTRACT OF BEEF

For Beef Tea, Soups, Made Dishes, Sauces, (Game, Fish, etc.), Aspic or Meat Jelly. Keeps for any length of time, and is cheaper and of finer flavor than any other stock.

Genuine only with Z. von Liebig's signature above, in blue, the word "Extra" of Beef equal to forty points of lean beef.

Telephone 303. 20 E. First South.

W. A. TAYLOR,

Merchant Tailor.

WINTER GOODS AT COST!

43 and 45 East Second South Street, SALT LAKE CITY.

JOHNSON, PRATT AND CO. DRUGGISTS

MAIN STREET

TEASDEL'S

SPRING STOCK

DAILY ARRIVALS

MEN'S AND BOYS'

CLOTHING,

BOOTS AND SHOES,

NEW STYLES

CHAMBRAYS,

NEW PATTERNS

DRESS GOODS,

EMBROIDERIES

ARRIVED.

PRICES

UNEQUALLED.

BIG DISCOUNT

ON HOODS.

LADIES' JACKETS,

ALL SIZES.

BIG REDUCTION

IN COATS.

CALL AT

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RISING SUN

STOVE POLISH

BEAUTY OF POLISH—SAVING LABOR, CLEANLINESS, DURABILITY & CHEAPNESS, UNEQUALLED. NO ODOOR WHEN HEATED.

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